

TWO WAYS
OF
TREATING THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

A DISCOURSE

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TWO WAYS OF TREATING THE Indian Problem.

THERE is an account by St. Matthew, in the fifteenth chapter, of a woman in an agony of alarm coming out of the coasts of Canaan and crying for mercy for her child. The LORD answered her: "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, LORD: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Then JESUS answered, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

The Gospel is seen here, in the person of the SAVIOUR, reaching the national frontier and overleaping the line which separates races. We come, suddenly, as the story goes on, to the meeting-point of two great streams—the sluggish current of paganism creeping and stagnating along forty centuries or more, and the Strong River of Life, fresh from its fountain in God, flowing now into the world in the ministry of CHRIST. Even in His earthly life-time the New Kingdom is asserting its three great ideas, gratuity, impartiality, catholicity.

Travelling on His journey of reconciliation, JESUS arrives, in the summer of its second year, at the Northwestern limits of His own land. The question must come, sooner or later: Does He belong to one land more than another; to a People that has culture, art, law, and civilized traditions, or to humanity itself, however barbarous or outlandish it may be? Is He to be a Jewish Saviour, because His mother was a Hebrew, or *man's* SAVIOUR because His FATHER is in Heaven, and because in all the nations, whether Abrahamic or Ethnic, there is but one blood? "Salvation is of the Jews." No defection on their part can sunder the links of God's historic Revelation. CHRIST must be born under the Law. But the corn of wheat must break its shell, or the fruit will not be for the healing of all the nations, white and black and red, from the rising to the setting of the sun. At that moment, the MASTER, Who has "other sheep not of this Fold," turns to the Gentiles.

I treat the transaction on the western border of Judæa, therefore, as prophecy. Those communities, out of whose Sidonian province the cry for compassion came, were the Aborigines of the soil, crowded westward toward the water by strong colonists from Chaldea. The Indian problem had begun. They were few, but tenacious, determined, heathenish "dogs,"

that had long worried the Sheep of the House of Israel. If there was a "table" of civilization spread for the successful immigrants, one woman asks for the crumbs. And lo! she and her Tribe are lifted instantly by the Son of Man into those royal seats where souls come from the East and the West and sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the Kingdom of God. So that in the dialogue and the miracle of Charity that accompanies it, we obtain just what I desire—the highest possible sanction for this doctrine, that *the measure of difficulties in the path of CHRIST's Religion becomes the measure of its power*; that obstacles to the Gospel anywhere are the clearest reasons for its pushing forward; and that just where it is desired least and hindered most, or where appearances promise the smallest success, there, because it is irrepressible as well as self-forgetful, it finds the field of its grandest victory. The friends of Indian Missions do not ask help for them because they are an easy undertaking, or offer conspicuous results; they ask it confidently, because they are a kind of last test of the power of the Healing Hand in which we believe—one of the desperate passages, if you please to call them so, of the Faith of the Cross. If the Love of CHRIST wins the savages of the wilderness—let alone your critical evidences and literary Apologetics—it will win anywhere. If it breaks down there, with the painted Dakota or murderous Modoc, it is beaten, and no defences of documents, antiquity, logic, or ritual, can save it.

Traces of something similar, even as a principle of human nature, can be found up and down history, at all periods. If a force is really vital and valid it wants to expend itself against the hardest resistance. There has always been room enough for a sluggish kind of comfort within the realm of what is readily attainable. Yet in what do the nobility and charm of human history consist, but in the daring effort of courage and will to break over beyond these bounds? The main demonstration of original faculties has always been in these assaults upon the inaccessible, taking hold of the savage side of things to tame it. To the average mind the world is wide enough for raising all the crops, and interchanging all the traffic, without climbing Alps or sailing into Polar seas; but there is born here and there a temper of exploration that can never sleep till the impossibility of yesterday is made the achievement of to-day. To a great extent this fascination of difficulty is the secret of every conquest of nature and of the advance of the Race. Hardly less than the meaner passion for possession, it inspires great wars, emigrations, voyages of discovery and colonization, the travels of science in the persons of Plutarch, Audubon, Humboldt, and the higher creations of every fine or useful art. In the long run, too, this heroic estimate of things makes not much account of failures, or of men lost in the struggle. A fresh pioneer takes the place of his sinking predecessor; the ranks of the decimated army close up; if some Pliny perishes in a venture of discovery,

his name heads a roll of intellectual martyrs which lengthens to this day; the fifth Arctic expedition is as ready and resolute as the first. So the glories of Humanity are apt to lie along the front margins of the world's settled dwelling-places, on its heights, or else in its most straightened and perilous passes.

In the spiritual Kingdom the principle holds only the more remarkably. God's purpose, in the gift of His Son, was to reconcile all unreconciled things. It was an unprecedented venture of grace. The more utterly unreconciled, therefore, or the more hopelessly lost anybody might be, the more sharply stimulated would the characteristic temper of Christianity be to save him. If the extremes of a disordered moral universe were to be brought together in the at-onement, then the farther off the estrangement, the more triumphant the mediation. The better class of men, respectable people, acted on by self-respect, refinement, moral education, might be trained to a sort of righteousness by another system. That nation of antiquity which especially represented conscience, the Jews, achieved a certain ethical superiority under the Law. But the earliest utterance of the new life in CHRIST, at Bethlehem, at Nazareth, beyond Jordan, promised unmistakably a re-generation broader and deeper than had ever been thought of before. Nothing short of the lowest and worst would satisfy the Son of Man, when He should come, bringing on His shoulders the true fruits of His redemption. Reaching out with one arm for the Pharisee in all the toughness of his upper-circle pride and handsome selfishness, with the other He gathers prodigals and harlots farthest off from their FATHER'S House. "Unto the uttermost" was the legend that might have been inscribed on the flag of the whole Missionary movement of the Apostolic age—"able to save unto the uttermost." The Heathen understood it. The Syrophenician mother understood it, for the purpose of her faith: "Be it that we are Gentile dogs, yet the dogs under the table eat of the crumbs." The scholarly Celsus, the first literary sceptic, understood it for the purpose of his attack, and his special charge against the Christians was that the vilest and most abandoned of both sexes were their trophies. Throughout the entire career of the Cross in every living branch of the Church, the heart of the Body has been uneasy if the most desperate tribes of heathen have not been sought in the bramble bushes, robbers in the mountains, savages in deserts, sots in the seaports, by the shepherds. The ecclesiastical honors of the Middle Ages were gathered, not at Rome or Avignon, but in China and Japan, in the fever swamps of South America, and, later, along the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—among Indians East and West. Protestant Europe had work enough on its hands at home, when it nevertheless obeyed the same Divine law working in its inmost soul, and sent its Missionary ships to Iceland, to South Africa, to the Esquimaux of Labrador, to New Zealand. Just as it is the way of men's blind aspirations, St. Paul says, to

feel *upward* after God, if haply they may find Him, so it is the blessed instinct of men everywhere *who have found Him* to feel *downward* to the very bottom of the social scale, in order to lift hearts up from that Godward. Again and again the wave of Gospel-life has dashed against the rocks and been rolled back; but at last the waters wear the stones, and there "the Faith once for all delivered" sets up its most signal memorial pillars. In the old Church-litany of the Moravian Brethren are these petitions: "Keep our doors open among the heathen, and open those that are shut"; "Bless our congregations gathered from the Negroes, Greenlanders and Indians, Hottentots, Gypsies and Esquimaux; keep them as the apple of Thine eye!"

We are told a thousand times over, that Christianity deals in general principles; and so it does. But each of its great principles comes to its proof on some rugged, barbarous outpost. The Red man's barbarity is a particular outpost where American Christianity is tried once more.

Nor is this trial wholly new. Unless there may be an exception of a slight Dutch effort at Ceylon, the first regular Protestant Foreign Mission was made for American Indians. The Puritans at Leyden, looking across the Ocean, put on record their hope that "in the Western wilderness they might both keep their name and nation and be a means to enlarge the Church of CHRIST, *if the LORD had a people among the nations whither He would bring them.*" In A.D. 1629 the English Company of the Massachusetts Bay write out to Governor Endicott that "the propagation of the Gospel among the natives is the thing which above all is their aim in settling the plantation." At the outset, the Colonists of both Plymouth and the Bay shared their expectations. Not long after, in 1645, the General Court sent two Ministers "to make known amongst the Indians the counsel of God, in the most familiar manner." From that moment there runs through all the Annals of the Pilgrims, for at least a hundred years, a most extraordinary mixture of evangelical compassion and personal animosity, towards the Natives. The gloomiest picture of the Indian character that has ever been drawn, I believe, by any responsible hand, is the fearful one on the pages of a descendant of these Puritans, an accomplished New England historian of our own time. For one I say it alters not a whit my construction of the law of CHRIST as applied to these Aborigines, nor does it touch my position here except to strengthen it, if the darkest of his dismal colors are deserved. The Red men may have been, as he maintains—not a few of them may be now—stupid in intellect and ferocious in appetite, mean without humility and cruel without courage, showing neither magnanimity to enemies nor gratitude to friends, not restrained by virtue or quickened by ambition, and physically so near to beastliness as to discover "little of humanity beyond the likeness of human shape." For the present, grant it all; let them be dogs with the Syrophenician. In the name of the only Gospel we are sent to

deliver I claim that this raises to a purer honor the solemn perseverance of our forefathers whose faith, like St. Paul's, becoming all things to all men, counted on saving not all but "some." Harvard College was planted as explicitly for red youth as for white. During Dunster's presidency one of the buildings was put up expressly for their accommodation. The charter of 1650 includes Indian young men with English as persons "whose education in learning and godliness" was provided for by that instrument. Dunster himself was sanguine, went out to preach, and wrote tracts with such titles as "Day Breaking," "Light Appearing" and "Clear Sunshine." There was increased zeal, and "the raising up of a greater spirit of prayer for carrying on the work," when it came to be generally believed that here were the remains of the Ten Tribes of Israel, and that, in the certainties of prophecy, the healing of their blindness and the gathering in of the Gentiles were connected together. Both the two British Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel, that of Parliament organized in 1649 and that of the Church under William Third in 1701, sought the salvation of the Indians. Bishop Hall in his "Cases of Conscience Revealed" commends very heartily the ministry of CHRIST to the child of the American forest.

And yet all along it is touching to see with what slender returns the faith of these Missionaries was content; with what childlike delight they hailed the faintest tokens of success. It is put joyfully into the public records that John Sagamore, near Watertown, "begins to hearken after God and His ways." Eliot is encouraged at hearing of "a pregnant-witted native youth that has become a servant-boy in a white man's family," or of an attentive congregation under the trees in Martha's Vineyard or Brookfield. Hobbomok is comfortably mentioned as so steadfast that he could never be gotten from seeking after the Englishman's God. Squanto, at his death, begged the Governor to pray that he might go to the Englishman's heaven. Bradford thinks it worth narrating how an Indian maiden in Salem carried herself penitently and "knew herself nought for present and like to be miserable forever, unless free grace should prevent it, and after this grew very useful, proved industrious in her place, and so continued." Later, in 1714, President Leverett at Cambridge writes in his diary of young Larned, a native, punished and dismissed for some disobedience, but afterwards penitent with "a peculiar grace," confessing his sin in language worthy of St. Augustine—a Latin and Greek poet too, and "an acute grammarian." The very emphasis laid on these rare fruits is only another evidence how rare they were. Of the few natives that could be persuaded to enter the College, here and there one became a mechanic or a schoolmaster; some fell sick in body and others were home-sick for free air and hunting grounds; several died; only a single Indian name ever stood on the catalogue of graduates. Results were small. Not long after, the Red Men began to yield and

vanish before the colonial militia. Puritan patience and Puritan faith had their limitations. True to their Old Testament type rather than to the charity of the Son of God, the settlers, with an occasional exception like that of Edwards at Stockbridge, began to talk more of Moabites and Amalekites to be exterminated than of the "other sheep in the wilderness," to be fetched home. Put the effort down, if you please, as a failure. It was one of those many mortal failures which, nevertheless, are God's successes. The Bishop of Zanzibar at the Board of Missions was right. All you allege, he said, of the mental inferiority of these African negroes in my charge may be true: but their souls *are souls*, and children of God; for them CHRIST died, and He has said to me, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

In short, the worse you make the Red man out to be, the stronger you make our argument that an Apostolic army ought to be pursuing him, not to destroy, but to save.

And now, having tried to make it plain that in the genius and economy of our religion our duty stands clear even with the darkest showing of the Indian's character and capacity, I am going on to look a little while at the showing as it ought to be, and to see what foothold of fact we have, over and above all that is requisite, to justify a Christian policy.

We have on hand, all told, very nearly three hundred thousand Indians. A census of nomads who during most of the year sleep no two nights in the same place, who hunt buffalo, fish in mountain brooks, and fight in ambush, is not an easy matter; but this estimate must be nearly correct. A few of these Red men roam along the Pacific coast, a few linger in New York and Wisconsin and other settled States; but most of them are between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains.

The practical elements in the Indian question at the outset were three. 1. The people of the United States wanted the Indian lands and mines in the Territories, and pleaded that law of history which claims the earth for the purposes not of barbarism but of civilization, even at the cost of the barbarian's life. 2. Unprincipled adventurers were determined, in the process, to enrich and fatten themselves by every sort of petty injustice. But 3. Somehow *retaliation* and *vengeance* from the Savages, on the border inhabitants, must be controlled.

There were two ways. The Government might make stipulations with the several Tribes, and then, without seeing to it that they were carried out, attempt to put down disorder, and stay bloodshed, by military force, leaving the entire social condition of the Indian unchanged. First and last this has been abundantly tried. The other way, discovered later, and really put partially on trial only since the end of our Civil

War, was to fulfil all treaty obligations scrupulously, to protect the barbarian from all white or half-breed pillage or pollution, and then to promote his virtues and real welfare, in a friendly spirit, by constantly educating him, just as far as he would consent to be educated, in the knowledge and practices of civilized life. This spectacle was to be seen in the world—a new age of diplomacy, not dreamed of by Machiavelli or esteemed much in the old dynasties. Some of the best men in the Nation took hold of it. The terms of contracts were to be enforced by a justice which is just in giving as well as in taking. To that end Commissions and Conferences between White and Red have followed in constant succession. The main plan proposed is to open extensive and attractive Reservations in the Territories; to carry in, under upright and guarded superintendence, tuition in agriculture, housekeeping, mechanical facilities, and all the arts of civilization, with tools, seeds, and examples; to see that the Indians are paid their dues and annuities not in money, which they can squander, but in farming implements and substantial goods; to win them from idleness and the chase by the prospect of a better path; to keep up an armed police to maintain peace and order between one Tribe and another; to promote the division and occupancy of land by families; to establish and equip schools: and, inasmuch as for eighteen hundred years civilization has *followed* Christianity and taken root nowhere without it, to send forward everywhere the instructions and ordinances of the Gospel of CHRIST. Thus by public probity and veracity, by personal integrity and purity in the territorial officers, by marriage, by the sanctity and unity of the Household, by industry in farming, trades, and simple manufactures, by “blotting out the barbarous Babel dialects,”—to some extent at least, and for the next generation—exchanging them for the English tongue as a common language, and by the worship of the One God in that one Tongue, it is proposed that the horrid blunders and sufferings of two hundred years be finished, and Christian Brotherhood reign at last instead of despotism, vice, ignorance and war.

A document has appeared, purporting to have the authority of some acquaintance with the subject, reviewing a selected fragment of the measures employed to Christianize the Western Tribes, and concluding that they neither want to be nor can be Christianized; that it is a fallacy to suppose they are benefited by a substitution of our religion for theirs; that the money spent in every Mission among them is thrown away; that in fact it would be better for their whole condition if they were left to their war-dances and funeral incantations—and the more funerals the better. The line of support attempted to be given to this extraordinary opinion is that ever since the process of Christianization began, the Native population has been wasting away! We can conceive, I suppose, of a human mind so constructed, or so abused, as to attribute to Christianity the gradual decline of the buffaloes on the plains, or the settling of the

level of a Nevada Lake. There is a sort of intelligence, no doubt, which would ascribe to the brakes on a wrecked railway train, because they are always found to be put on just when the cars are stopping, the plunge or crash which they only relieve but are too late to prevent. The objection expresses an opinion which plays very regularly from ring to ring in certain political circles. It belongs instinctively to the Nihilistic philosopher, and it suits equally well the social Bohemian who laughs at all creeds alike, and the greedy Pharisee who has a creed to which he is faithful because he believes in himself. It allies itself with the spasmodic panics of the border populations. It finds a modified utterance in sneers throughout the States, especially just after some border massacre, at what it likes to call the Quaker policy of Indian management; a policy which has for some of its ablest advocates Lieut. Gen. Sherman and several other of the higher West Point officers in the Army, who are not Quakers; the policy, *viz.*, of dealing first honestly and then humanely with the barbarians instead of robbing them and lying to them; and of trying to make Christians of some of them before they are all brutalized or shot.

Take notice that the question is not between a Christian policy and a military one. The Church has never denied the right of arms in a last resort. Loyal to CHRIST, she is also, at His supreme command, loyal to the Government, the Cæsar who beareth not the sword in vain. What we propose is to send a civilizing and converting Christianity *first*, to reclaim, to lift up, to soften, to help, to offer pardon and hope, and to let the armed force stand in reserve to coerce persistent lawlessness and punish a criminal hostility. The native stock may waste away. It has been wasting ever since the European touched the Eastern shore, and waste it may till between the two oceans not one Red man lives. The question is, *while* he lives shall he be a marauding and murdering savage or a peaceable laborer? And when he dies shall he die a Pagan, or believing in a Christian Resurrection? Red men die as white men die, one by one; each goes, as the white man goes, to his own judgment; and for each the offered "gift of God is eternal life through JESUS CHRIST our LORD." Listening to Him and reading His New Testament, I should say that if anywhere on earth there is one People perishing faster than another, that is the People that a Cross-bearing and Creed-believing Church ought to go after first, even into the wilderness, though ninety-and-nine longer-lived and better-folded flocks are left behind.

Eighty years ago General Washington wrote these words of warning: "If measures for restraining outrages upon the Indians were adopted, we might hope to live with them in peace, but not while our own citizens, in violation of law and justice, are guilty of these offenses, and when for the most atrocious murders of Indians, a jury on the frontier can hardly be gotten to listen to a charge, much less to commit a culprit." The two

policeies, thanks to about a dozen statesmanlike men, including conspicuously three Bishops and several Clergymen of our Church, are becoming more distinctly defined and confronted with each other, every day. The Nation will, ultimately, have to make its choice between them.

You will not expect me to go very far into the sickening story of wrong, corruption and treachery by the stronger party. It began far back, and is not yet ended. Annuities stolen, by white men appointed to hand them over, payments put off or never made, promises of every sort disowned and broken, over-charges and under-credits, false weights and measures, adulterated merchandize and adulterated morality, papers forged, lands seized by false pretences, school-moneys snatched, horses hides and furs pilfered, men and women stupefied and drugged by whiskey and narcoties, soul and body polluted and mutilated—as I recite them here, these are *names* of things, and nothing but names; but it is in unimpeached testimony that the terrible realities have been the Red Man's agony and tragedy, year in and year out. The governmental policy that can be suborned to patronize them is not statesmanship; it is a quack's malpractice on the body politic, a charlatan's vivisection, and the charlatan a thief. It protects felony, and of the victim makes a vengeful man-slayer. Red Cloud, at the Academy of Music, certainly did not state the case very rhetorically when he said: "There have been some bad things going on in my country—some bad white people; and I thought I would come and tell the Great Father about it. I have come on business, and I want to know all about these things. I want to say to all of you big men that I heard you say you were my friends, and I want to be your friend. I want my children to live in peace and be happy, as you are. I want the Great Father to let me keep the little piece of country that is left me. And as you are my friends, I want you to help him do it." An old warrior is not easily alarmed; but Little Thunder, a Red Lake Chief, informed a council in Minnesota, that when he saw the whites moving on, "he lay awake as one who is frightened in the night." Two years ago I saw some thirty representatives of the fiercer Southwestern Tribes marched into a church in New York city, in paint and feathers, and we were there told by a responsible spokesman that, not once only but three times over, one of these tribes had been rooted up and crowded on out of lands guaranteed to them by treaty. A little later, we heard of the horrors of the lava beds; and the comfortable citizens of our Eastern cities read the news with exclamations of wrath at savages capable of no cure but slaughter. Worse yet, it is in history that the atrocity which specially horrified us, the traitorous shooting of Gen. Canby under a truce by the Modocs, had its pattern, in all its circumstances of infamy, twenty years before, when the fathers of these murderers were the victims, and whites were the traitors. Indian butcheries have been very bloody; but on the other hand, it is in military evi-

dence that Indian babies have been scalped by United States soldiers, under our flag. There is considerable ingenuity in the old annals of human tyranny, of both the imperial and the republican varieties; but it seems to have been reserved to the American border-politician, first to educate a barbarous people in crime, by superior skill, then exasperate them by superior force, and finally hang them on a false charge of bettering their instruction. Investigation has shown that in one year, in a central superintendency, to every four murders of whites by Indians, there were thirty-five of whites by whites. On a larger scale there were two hundred to twenty-one, in the Indian's favor. The Board of Commissioners have made a recent discovery, that some of the officials have a way of reckoning as assassinations all our *military* losses of life by Indians in scouts and skirmishes, or anywhere but in a pitched battle. Pitched battles in Indian warfare are rare.

Is it absolutely beyond all doubt, my friends, that the recluse Professor's judgment is the judicial one—that the Red man has “little or nothing human in him but a human shape”? An officer whose opportunities of knowledge have been somewhat broader than the Professor's, renders his opinion in these vigorous sentences: “Naturally the Indian has many noble qualities. If he is cruel and revengeful, it is because he is outlawed, and his companion is the wild beast. Let civilized man be his companion, and the association warms into life virtues of the rarest worth. Civilization has driven him back from the home he loved; it has often tortured and killed him; but it never could make him a slave.” Was there no touch of magnanimity in it, in view of all the wrongs, when Sapowanero rose up before the Commissioners, and declared with simple dignity, “When we made the treaty we did not think we were making it with common men. We had faith in those who came that they would abide by the treaty, *and we think so still*. It looks strange to us that men who are civilized should be trespassing. We believe, and our children believe, that generations of us yet to come will live upon these lands.” With a faith like that in their *oppressors*, can there be no faith among them in the Shepherd of Israel Who leadeth Joseph like a flock? Is there no *pathos* in it, nothing but savagery and low-lived animalism, when Medicine Bear tells a Christian congregation in Philadelphia that “he is glad he has been given the word of the GREAT SPIRIT Who has made the Red man and the White man one: but it would seem that He loved the White man the most, because education and many other advantages had been given him, while the poor Red man was left to roam the prairies”? Consider that these are a people in whom the *sense of Race*, hereditary pride, ancestral sanctity, are intensely strong, and that resentment at invasions which would sponge them off the map of the globe is bitter in proportion: consider that they boast haughtily of an heirloom of barbaric traditions and camp-fires of countless generations: consider that

they are nomadic and restless ; that will and imagination and muscle are constitutionally developed in them far beyond the affections ; that the Caucasian hand which they see lifted now to bless them has been for two hundred years lifted to strike and humble them ; that the white tongue which preaches has been the white tongue that dissembled and seduced : —and is there then no supersensual meaning in it when one of them, in a speech on the new policy, worthy of Logan the Cayugan in its eloquence and of Wilberforce in its philanthropy, answered the Commissioners : “ Your words have fallen on our ears like the great clear rain drops on the thirsty ground. Many times in the past, when I have thought of the way my people have suffered, my heart has grown heavy with sorrow ; and I have wondered if they would always be so ignorant, so cast down. I feel now that a new day has begun, with fewer clouds and a bright sun. I almost forget that our color is so different. These men seem so much like brothers to me now, that I can believe the good Book which says we are all children of the same FATHER.” And then he grew more confident than the woman of Canaan. “ We are not dogs and beasts,” he went on, “ but men and women, and some day our children will live in good houses, have good farms and good churches, and make law, and preach the Gospel. We will keep it close in our hearts ; and I think our hearts are larger than they were before.” Is there then no gleam of a higher humanity when, among the Santees, we learn that Christian ministries to the sick and suffering, more than sermons, have softened the breasts of tough old braves, till out of nine hundred in all three hundred kneel at the Supper of the Lord and sing the Gloria in Excelsis, not leaving out its “ Peace on Earth, good will towards men ” ? A little baptized Shawnee boy, “ Charley,” dies at Ottawa. The souls of all the Indian children round about are moved in a wonderful way. Immortality is brought to light to them, in the new Revelation of Jesus, once a Child. They tell their Teachers “ they want to find how to go too to the beautiful Land.” Baptized into His Death, why should they not pass, red-skinned though they were born, through the grave and gate of death to a better Paradise than their fathers dreamt of under a South-West sky ? The “ hopeless degradation ” theory, my friends, lacks confirmation and lacks it more and more every time the Indian Commission and the Bishop of Niobrara send in their Reports.

I have pronounced the Red man capable of civilization : not perhaps of civilization in its highest forms, not of building cities or ships, writing a literature or stocking a Patent office with inventions, but still of a style of life which in a modest sense deserves that name. Take the White Earth Reservation alone. The New Policy has been at work there three years. There are about a thousand natives ; unsettled rovers from prairies and ranches are constantly gathering in, throwing aside their blankets, cutting off their scalp-locks, and learning to plough, build,

weave, and cook. More than a hundred houses have gone up, chiefly by Red men's carpentry. They run a saw-mill, turning out fifteen thousand feet of lumber every day, raise a hundred and forty acres of wheat, feed two hundred and fifty head of cattle, and fill an Episcopal Chapel where a full-blooded Chippewa ministers to a reverent congregation. It is certified by a careful comparison of tabular reports that, though the smallest in area of all the Territories, the Indian Territory has a larger population than any that is organized except New Mexico and Utah, harvests six times as many farm-products as Colorado, and equals any one of them in expenditure for education.

In this New Policy, the nomination of the Government officers has been given to responsible Christian Bodies. For Tribes or families numbering over thirty thousand souls, this nomination has been given to the authorities of the Episcopal Church. This then is our trust. Meantime, a Missionary Bishop and staff of assistants numbering six white and two native Ministers, fifteen female helpers, and about a dozen Catechists and teachers, have entered on that singular charge. "We have a tradition," solemnly said a Western Chieftain to a member of the United States Commission, "that some time or other a good man will arise who will care for us. He has come at last, but it is almost too late." It is not quite too late. Bishop Hare, who has carried his shepherd's crook across the Plains, comes back to the Convention of 1874. If he brings no lambs in his arms he brings a picture of lamb and wolf lying down together—inspired prophecy fulfilled. The Yanktons are learning trades. The Santees are turning farmers. Four young Indians are preparing for the Ministry. Six Woman's Leagues along the Eastern sea-coast are ministering to his Mission, crying with the woman out of the coasts of Tyre, "Have mercy, O Son of David!" He, Who if He were on the earth would cast the evil spirit out of the savage and wash his wild feet in a basin of water and make him a vessel meet for the MASTER's use, is already answering them, "Be it unto you even as ye will."

We owe the Indians another debt than that of the love of CHRIST. In travelling through my Diocese I am often reminded by the landscape and its traditions of the service rendered to the Republic by the alliance of the Six Nations. Between the English Bible on the one side and French Jesuitism on the other the balance lay once with the Iroquois led by heroes of that brave blood which ran in the veins of the Red Jackets and Shenandoahs, Garangulas and Hiawathas, and among whose descendants Bishop Hobart, the grandfather of Bishop Hare, planted his Missionary outposts. In a very interesting old Chronicle of the Colonial Transactions with these Nations I find it was a sacred principle of their barbarous politics that *no salary whatever* should touch the hand of any public officer, in council or in the field—something for our White Congress to think of. Do you question whether our Communion, with her Creed, Prayer Book

and simple Ritual, is as well suited to the Red man as a more sensuous ceremonial? Everybody knows the indomitable energy, the martyr zeal, the flowing ardor, the tireless travels, of the Jesuit Missionaries of the North and West—all round from Montreal to Louisiana: and it was the Red man's *soul* that they sought. Honor to them for their self-sacrifice! Nor was their labor lost. But as their doctrine was not primitive and Scriptural, so their methods were not wise: and to-day, if I am rightly informed, not one entire congregation of Roman Catholic Indians is to be found on all their Western track, this side of the Canadian line. On the other hand, when the American Revolution drove out the royalists, a large band of Prayer-Book Indians about the Mohawk, of Tory reputation, moved over to Canada. Twenty years they were without a Clergyman, and at the end of those years some Churchmen found them there with Brandt their leader steadily reading the Service to them every Sunday, raising their souls by it to Him in Whom all nations' blood is one. Brandt felt about the Church as his brother-chief far towards the Pacific, Magaska, felt: "I seem to have found a great stake set deep in the earth to which I can cling, and from which storms cannot wrench me away. I know it is planted by the GREAT SPIRIT, and that it will hold me up in this life, and secure me Heaven at last." Very few Churchmen are aware, I suspect, that anything between the covers of the Prayer Book itself, as the Church in this country has used it since 1832, proceeded from an Indian mind. Summer before last a letter came to me across the Atlantic from the distinguished English preacher, James Martineau, inquiring the authorship of the anonymous hymn in our old Collection, beginning:

"Now the shades of night are gone."

It was only after a long search that I discovered the writer to be Samson Occom, an Indian Minister who died late in the last century in Central New York. For one I find that Book, which we all prize as the ripest expression of an adoring Christendom, more precious still for knowing that into its manifold harmony there comes this voice from another one of the nations and kindreds and tongues that shall stand before the Throne and sing the New Song.

So, the farther we go into this problem, the less satisfied we shall be able to be with the theory, for the Indian, of the compound nature of the brute, the demon and the ruffian—or with the way of desperation and abandonment.

I can carry the demonstration only one step farther on. I should be willing to rest our entire case, were every other argument wanting, on the proof and victory of Faith in a single convert. Among the sad-faced Dakotas, an unsmiling people, our Missionary, Mr. Hinman, found

one face, youthful, innocent, and only more spiritually sad than the rest. When the SAVIOUR was shown to him, it was as St. Paul preached Him at Mars' Hill—the unveiling of the actual CHRIST to a soul that had felt after Him and ignorantly worshipped Him—and immediately he arose and was baptized. They gave him the name of that Apostle. The Christian life of Paul Mazakute was the sweet consummate flower of Indian piety—poetry might call it the human Passion-flower of the Plains, the sign of the Cross inwrought in its fibre. While his mind matured, and his character brightened, health gave way and his body wore out. As long as there was any strength, he preached and worked. When it was almost gone, he wrote out a brief paper in his native tongue, to be translated after his death by Mr. Hinman. This wonderful document,* a kind of wailing monotone of narrative and prophecy blended together, is unlike any writing in literature that I can remember. In part it is a plaintive petition for the nurture of his children after he has gone, in part a quiet story of his Christian course, and in part a hopeful farewell to his fellow-believers, West and East. Let all that I have tried to say for his poor people end in one passage, word for word, from this last testament of his devotion :

“Esteeming myself of no account, I write these my last words. I write to the Holy Fellowship, and as a member of it, and a Minister of the Church. To my friends in CHRIST JESUS in the country called the United States, to the men and women who have faith in CHRIST and walk in His way, I give thanks. I look with confidence to white people who have the charity of JESUS. My life upon earth is very weak, my mind is very short, and my voice and my body both are faint. Therefore, for my children's sake, I put my trust in strangers. If any one will pity me and take one of them, and make it wise, and so cause me to see it in Heaven, my soul will have great joy. As I was the first Minister from the Dakota people, so if GOD my FATHER shall so bless me, from mine may grow up another Minister who, though I be not here, shall bear my name, and finish the work which I now lay down. I ask it without shame, because we are one body in CHRIST.

“In times past I walked over a dark way having no light. But, all at once, the GOOD SHEPHERD, He Who never tires, He Who walks bravely in difficult places and in desert lands, ever seeking the lost, He came upon me, and He delivered me. This One is truly merciful, and no man can equal Him ; alone all good, alone all strong, alone all holy. This One only is clear of sight ; this One only is strong of wing ; this One only everywhere strong in battle, and with a great victory He has won all the

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peoples of the Earth. He is the SAVIOUR of both body and soul, CHRIST the SON of GOD.—This is He Who caused me to live, and it is He Who even now adds, night and day, to my fading life. This One alone I trust. God bless His servant also who led me to JESUS, so like Him in his work, fearing nothing, hindered by nothing, leaving his own people to save the Indian. God knows the number of souls that have been blessed through him, and they will be his everlasting recompense and crown of glory.—I think it is a shame that I should die without giving my testimony to the Love of CHRIST. And I have thought that for the work that I did for Him while I lived, for my weariness for Him, for my heavy burdens borne for Him, for the hunger suffered for Him, for the thirst endured for Him, for my tears for Him, for my walk with Him, waiting not and resting not day or night,—that now soon, in Him and with Him, He for these things will give me comfort. And now this is my mind, that I am going home to my FATHER'S House, where my good Elder BROTHER dwells.—Paul Mazakute has written in this book his last words to his friends."

"Behold, a woman came out of the same Coasts, and cried unto Him, 'Have mercy!'" Let the Bride of CHRIST cry with her day and night. The night being far spent He will answer His supplicating and watching Church, "Great is thy faith : be it unto thee even as thou wilt!"